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secret diplomacy!" And this was the only sidelight that escaped him.

Nowadays, in order to get at the bottom of international complications it is a good plan to "look for the oil". And I have not much doubt that oil was the root of the trouble referred to. Presumably Great Britain, Italy, and perhaps also the United States, were striving to obtain concessions from the

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Albanian Government. How serious the quarrel was, and how it was ultimately settled, I can only conjecture. I met, later on, however, both Italian and British mining engineers and learned that preparations were being made by both to begin boring operations, and from this I concluded that some sort of compromise had been arrived at.

From the point of view of the tourist there is not much of interest to be found at Durazzo with the exception of the old

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To the Land of the Eagle

361 city wall which at one time completely encircled the town
399 and is still, in many places, in good preservation. No one knows its age. The local people assert that it is Venetian, but, as flat brick figures largely in its construction, it is more probably Roman. At the present time roads pass through ragged gaps in the masonry, and houses, of which the British Legation is one, are built in, and on, the ramparts.
563 A small colony of Arabs—Baghdadi by their caste marks—inhabit one of the bastions.[1] One wonders how they came there. In the town[1] there is also a gipsy quarter, as in most other Albanian towns. The gipsies are a peace-loving folk, asking no more than a quiet life with not too much work and plenty of music and dancing. They are, in fact, Bohemians *par excellence*.

ooo I trespassed on the hospitality of the Durazzo Legation for three days and then went aboard the boat for Valona in the company of a King's Messenger, the consul's wife and family, the gentleman who had come out after oil and was now returning to England—whether satisfied or dissatisfied I did not trouble to enquire—and some other of my fellow countrymen whose acquaintance I had recently made.

Durazzo looked exceedingly attractive from the sea. The glittering water was that marvellous shade of blue which is peculiar to the Adriatic. Boats with patched and tattered triangular sails plied between the ship and the shore.

361 The little town of white and yellow houses, bathed in sunlight, lay at the foot of the island-like promontory on which

[1] [of Durazzo -- Analyst]

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609 consulate staff during my stay, I offered the maid—who had, incidentally, washed all my linen for me—a sum equivalent, I think, to about 2s. When at last, after some difficulty, I succeeded in making her accept it she seized and kissed my hand—to my intense embarrassment. And Vojn, who had carried my things for miles over the mountains and had given me ungrudging attention, behaved in exactly the same way and at first refused my modest offering. His manner did not, however, convey that he was too proud to accept the tip or that I had made a *faux pas* in offering it, but merely that what he had done he had done in goodwill and not with any idea of reward. It was refreshing, in these money-grubbing days, to meet with such an unexpected trait.

349 Before I left Argyrocastron I explored the old fortress. It proved to be a vast place full of arches, tunnels, and broken masses of masonry overrun with scarlet poppies. A few sleepy-looking, barrack-like buildings housed a few sleepy soldiers. The battlements gave a fine view of the town, the valley, and the mountains.

494 On making enquiries about getting to Koritza I found that a post lorry was leaving at midday. I therefore booked a front seat for which the price was 150 liras (Italian money being current in this part of Albania). I thought at the time that this was a rather heavy charge as Koritza was, as I then fondly imagined, only about three hours journey away. We should be there, I thought, in the classic English phrase, " in time for tea ". We were not. Nor were we there in time for tea on the day following. So I was slightly out in